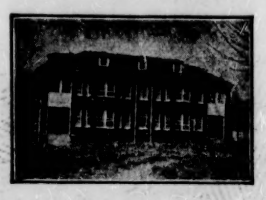
BARIUM MESSENGER

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME FOR THE INFORMATION OF IT'S FRIENDS

VOL. VI. *BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY 1929* *Number Eleven.*

Baby Cottage



We were proud little folks when we went on the stage for a performance in Commencement and everybody said we did fine! Hope Miss Hanna was proud of us.

Vacation is the topic of conversation these days and even we babies are talking it and some of us are really going on vacations. Our twin girls, Helen and Evelyn Billings are now gone for their vacation. They had a birthday party and their cake had six candles in it. Mr. Billings came and brought Master William and little Mable Billings to the party and he also brought a great big watermelon for all the babies, the first and only melon this summer at our cottage. William and Mable Billings will be our babies from now on. William is a fine little fellow of four years and Mable is quite a pretty little girl about two and a half years of age.

We want to tell you of another birthday party we had this month. Rhoda Daniel's mother came and brought a great big cake. We had our two green benches put together like a table and out on the lawn we had the loveliest party. We sang "Happy Birthday" to Rhoda several times and then played games until bedtime and as Rhoda was enjoying the party so much and we were all loathe to break away from the party, we just sang our evening song and had our prayers around the birthday table before coming in to go to bed. Can't you guess that was a happy birthday party for all of us as well as for Rhoda.

Our big girl, Retha Mae Peele, had a visit from her brother's family recently. They had the sweetest and cutest little boy baby, one year old. He could walk and talk fine. Retha goes on her vacation next week and we will miss her terrible, because she is one of our fine cooks.

Mr. Sipes brought us some fine spring chickens today. We will enjoy them very much.

One of the greatest pleasures we've had, was a visit from little Miss Jacqueline Edwards (a beautiful baby one year old). She entertained us with many cute little accomplishments as throwing kisses, smelling flowers and waving her hand goodbye. We hope she'll come often to see us.

Mrs. Spratt was grand to us while Mrs. Herman was away. We love Mrs. Spratt very much. Tom said "Hermie, I was very good to Mrs. Spratt." He meant Mrs. Spratt was good to him.

We are playing down in the woods every day and soon Mr. Johnston is going to have some swings made down there and we will be mighty glad.

———P. O. H.———

Rumple Hall

Our school has closed and now is vacation time. My, but we are going to be lonesome when our girls leave for their two weeks with their relatives. One of our girls has left to stay. We were sorry to lose her, but we know she will be as happy and make as many friends as she did at Barium.

The Chautauqua came to Statesville to stay a week beginning May 31 The Rumple Hall girls went to three programs. We enjoyed them all very much especially the play "Skidding."

The swimming pool has been open for some time and we girls have enjoyed going in. Some are learning the new dives, while others are learning to float.

A troop of Boy Scouts, who have been camping near the spring, use our pool daily, and we enjoy watching them swim.

We thank Mr. Thomas for the fruit that we have been getting. It won't been long now until watermelons.

Well, the next time you will hear from us we will all have had our vacations, or will be away enjoying them.

"Mac" and "Mac."

THE SALUTATION OF THE DAWN

[FROM THE SANSCRIT]

LOOK to this Day for it is Life,
The very life of Life.
In its brief space lie all the varieties
And realities of your existence,
The bliss of growth,
The glory of action,
The splendor of beauty;
For yesterday is but a dream;
And tomorrow is only a vision,
But today, well lived, makes every yesterday,
A dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well therefore, to this day,
This is the Salutation of the Dawn

One Fourth Of Year Gone

The amount of money needed for this three months $27,102.00 or 37½ cents per church member. Amount actually received $7300.00 or 10 1-10 cents per member. The difference $19,802.00 or 27.4cents per member is shown on the following table. It is what a good part of our correspondence is about right now. Our creditors are wanting to know when we are going to pay, and our letters tell them when that will be. Of course we can't tell them just when that will be, we can tell them when we **think** it will and then we go to you for the correct answer.

Now the trouble right now, or one of the troubles is that we have made some bad estimates in our letters to our creditors, and they have taken these surmises as promises and are getting impatient. They want their money now and you know there is a lot in what they say.

By a strange coincidence our most pressing obligations right now amount to just about $20,000.00 and that is almost exactly the amount the churches are behind in this year's contributions.

PRESBYTERIES	JUNE Receipts	Am't. per Member	Am't Behind per Member	Am't Behind Last Year
Albemarle	$ 686.96	19c.	11¾c.	24¾c.
Winston-Salem	177.64	5½c.	21½c.	20¾c.
Orange	193.15	1¾c.	24½c.	31½c.
Granville	160.78	3 c.	26½c.	29 c.
Mecklenburg	448.22	2¾c.	27¾c.	27¼c.
Concord	462.31	4¼c.	27¾c.	25¼c.
Kings Mountain	193.80	4 c.	23½c.	23½c.
Wilmington	119.51	1½c.	32 c.	29 c.
Fayetteville	241.46	2 c.	32½c.	28¼c.
Synod	$2683.63	3.7c.	27.4c.	27.3c.

This table has a way of showing up details both pleasant and unpleasant. It has been over a year since it has shown anything to get hilarious about and it may be that you may get the notion that it has never shown anything but bad news.

Now this is not the case, the table is most sensitive to good deeds. If you doubt this, just send a sizable check or work up a good collection in your church Sunday School or Auxiliary and send it in to us and watch how quickly this table reacts.

For instance, last month Albemarle Presbytery was halfway up, being in fifth place, this month she would be lower down in the standing but for one thing—that one thing was a check for $500.00 sent by one individual. Just look what it did, it put Albemarle in the lead, it reduced her shortage from 18¼ cents per member to 11¾, bringing her up to less than a month behind.

That's just a few of the things it did to the table. Now what did it do to us?

We started threshing wheat last week and our wheat goes directly to the mill and is sold, we were counting on this wheat money helping about half-way in taking care of some items that just had to be paid, they couldn't be put off. Well about the middle of the week it commenced to rain, and at the same time money just quit coming in. In seventy two hours less than fifty dollars was received (remember $300 a day is the average daily expense). We were desperate and we couldn't thresh wheat in the rain, we couldn't go out and get money in time for our needs. We were in a bad fix and all we could do about it was just to wait for the next mail. When this mail came, the first letter we opened had this $500 and the mail had several more checks keeping this one company, and that critical situation was passed.

You have heard of the straw that broke the camel's back, well this was the straw that kept the camel's back from breaking. It didn't pay us out of trouble but it did certainly put a new aspect on things.

In our distress we had written to a few friends to come to our help, our letters found most of these friends away from home, but those that were at home responded almost without exception.

If the membership of the church throughout the Synod would respond in the same way, it would not only tide us over our present embarrassment, it would pay us out of debt entirely.

We have said a whole lot more in this article than we did in those letters It is possible that enough people could read this, and enough resolve to start something to us to make our table look like the declaration of independence.

We need it friends, this little paper goes to you this time with all the appeal that we could put in a personal letter. Don't fail us, there is no alternative but to do the things here that we have put our hands to do.

Lees

At this time June is almost gone. Quite a few of our boys have gone on their vacation. James Hannon one of our favorite boys came back yesterday. He spent his vacation in Charlotte with his grandmother.

We are having lots of apples and peaches right now and we surely do enjoy them.

Swimming is our main sport now. O boy, it sure does feel good to plunge into the water when the sun is hot.

We have a new boy here now, his name is Edward Burney and he is from Clarkton. We hope he is going to enjoy staying with us.

Mrs Moore our matron has gone on her vacation and Miss Taylor is staying with us while she is gone. We hope Mrs Moore will have a good time.

Well this is all our news right now.

—The House Cats

RABBITS.

Did you know we were in the rabbit business? We are honest, and this doesn't mean that we are just good rabbit catchers either. We have the very best thorough bred New Zealand Reds, that we started from the famous rabbitry of Methodist Orphanage at Macon, Ga.

We have had fine success raising these, and they add to our table fare at the Infirmary and Baby Cottage.

Just now we have some that are entirely too pretty to kill. We want to sell a few pairs.

This class of stock usually brings $25.00 a pair. We will sell four pair at $15.00 a pair. Special prices for single rabbits. See us for these bargins.

HAS ITS COMPENSATIONS

A tourist stopped his cadillac at a gasoline filling station in Kansas. "How far is it to St. Louis?" he inquired.

"About 140 miles, sir, replied the gas man.

"All right, give me 20 gallons of gas and a quart of oil," the cadillac man replied.

Soon a Buick drove up and the driver asked how far it was to St. Louis. "About 140 miles," came the answer.

"Well, give me 10 gallons of gas and two quarts of oil," the Buick man said.

Then came a rusty old Ford chugging up. The driver got out and asked the same question. "140 miles," answered the man with the hose.

"Give me a bucket of water, a can of 3-in1 oil and hold this blame thing till I get in," said the Ford man.

Lottie Walker

2nd FLOOR

Here we are again though not so many. A good many of our girls have gone on their vacation, and several are leaving very soon

We miss our matron, Mrs Hill, very much, since she has been gone for some time, but we have Mrs Spratt who is just as good to us.

Such a lot of fruit we have been having lately. Everybody has been complaining about bumps appearing on their faces. And beans! We like them though so we don't mind helping the Howard girls string them.

This hot weather makes us lazy. We go to sleep over our work. This especially applies to Eula Lee. Most any time you come down to the laundry you can hear her snoring.

Nothing interesting has happened around here so I guess we will sign off.

—Elmer Little and Eula Lee Walton

DIARY OF PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME

June 1st.
Clean up for Sunday.
Alumni arriving for Commencement. Everybody excited.
Attend Chautauqua.

June 2nd
Baccalaureate Sermon. Dr. James F. Hardie Second Presbyterian Church, Charlotte.
Sermon to P. Y. P. League—Rev. J. S. Coble, 1st Presbyterian Church High Point.
Boiled Ham for Dinner–Home made.

June 3rd
Class day exercises. Excellent program.
Delivery of diplomas—Six High School and Four Commercial.
Ace Medal awarded. Prizes and two watches.

June 4th
Goodbye's! Teachers and pupils.
The rest of children to work and play.

June 5th
No prayermeeting account Chautauqua.
Cutting Barley.
More Peaches!
Mr. Cavin, Farm boss, visits campus.

June 6th
Smoking Bees out of hollow tree. Buff! Zip! Ouch!!
Chautauqua attended afternoon and evening. Final program.
Army airplane zooming overhead this afternoon causes great excitement.

June 7th
A number of folk attend Confederate Reunion in Charlotte. All report a beautiful parade, and a good time.

June 8th
Cooler. Rain in late afternoon.

June 9th
Rained all day. Very cool.
Church in morning. No evening service.

June 10th
Mr. Cavin, Farm boss, back on job.
Mr. Johnston to Thornwell Orphanage Clinton, S. C. to deliver address.
"Miss Brown" pays pop call.
Wheat cut and shocked.
Renovation of old school building begins.

June 11th
Four young people to Davidson Conference. Around 500 registered.

June 12th
Prayermeeting.
Rain this evening.

June 13th
Run away bees taken back home.
Sad news—No Chautauqua next year

June 14th
Our first string beans and Irish 'taters—'Nuf said.
A Fox Film "Prep and Pep"—Enjoyed by all .
Mrs. Penel and Miss Ford visit Davis Hospital for a "cut-out".

June 15th
Harvesting over.
Looks like rain.

June 16th
Sunday School and Church as usual. No evening service.
Quite a few attend Home Coming at New Salem Church.

June 17th
Mr. Johnston to Greensboro First Church to speak.
Home Grown apples distributed among cottages.
Our first new beets, and my how good!
Lottie Walker Building being repainted inside.

June 18th
41 Synods' Cottage boys and their girl helpers treck to Catawba River on a weinner roast. Hot Dog!
Davidson Conference delegates return and tell of good times.

June 19th
Hauling hay and the sun is shining too.
Birthday dinner–Peaches and Cream—Fried Chicken–Hungry boys and girls—Now you see it—Now you don't.
Prayermeeting by Mr. Brown

June 20th
Hot weather! Swimming pool very much in use.

June 21st
The longest and hottest day.
The first Railway train to run in America comes to Barium under its own steam. 1830 was the date.
Picture show 13 reels.

June 22nd
Another hot day! But Saturday. All the boys except Synods and Baby Cottage journey to town this P. M. "to see what they can see".
Rain.

June 23rd
Cooler today.
Rev. W. L. Pressley, Graduate of Erskine and Theological Seminary, Due West S. C. and son of Dr. J. H. Pressley, Statesville conducted morning services, which we all enjoyed.
Mr. Brown conducts evening services.

June 24th
Threshing a bumper crop of wheat today.
Rain!!

June 25th
Still threshing between showers.

June 26th
Rain!!!

June 27th
More Rain! Heap Plenty beans, apples and peaches.

June 28th
Sunshine! Whoopee!
Picture—"Brotherly Love".

June 29th
Paper data rushed to press.

June 30th
Another Sundav.

———P. O. H.———

Porter: "Did yo' miss dat train, suh?"

Traveler: "No! I didn't like to see it around, so I chased it out of the yard."

BARIUM MESSENGER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PRESBYTERIAN ORPHAN'S HOME

JOSEPH B. JOHNSTON, *Editor*

Entered as second-class matter November 15, 1923, at the postoffice at Barium Springs, N. C., under the act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized, November 15, 1923.

Board Of Regents

REV. C. E. HODGIN, D. D.,	President	Mrs. W. R. Wearn,	Charlotte
Rev. H. N. McDIARMID,	V.-Pres.	Mr. J. R. Young,	Raleigh
MRS. S. A. ROBINSON	Sec.	REV. W. M. Baker,	Mt. Olive
Mrs. W. L. Wilson,	Acme	Mrs. Harvey White,	Graham
Mr. Chas. G. Rose,	Fayetteville	Rev. J. S. Foster, D.D.,	Win.-Salem
Mr. T. T. Smith,	Concord	Mrs. J. T. French,	Wilmington
Mrs. A. P. Thorpe,	Rocky Mount	Rev. E. A. Woods,	Salisbury
Mr. B. W. Mosely,	Greenville	Mrs. J. R. Page,	Aberdeen
Mrs. I. F. Hill,	Durham	Mrs. R. M. Gray,	Statesville
Mr. Geo. E. Wilson,	Charlotte	Mrs. J. R. Finley,	N. Wilkesboro

Directory

JOS. B. JOHNSTON, General Manager and Treasurer
J. H. LOWRANCE, Assistant

Departments

H. L. Thomas	Truck Farm	Miss Beattie Lackey	Kitchen
W. F. Privette	Dairy	Miss Lulie Andrews	Bookkeeper
S. A. Grier	Mechanic	Miss Nettie Overman	Dining Room
Miss Mona Clark	Sewing Room	A. P. Edwards	Printing
Miss Mary Lea	Clothing	T. C. Cavin	Campus and Farm
Miss Nealy Ford	Laundry	Erwin Jackins	Assistant
Miss Gertrude Marshall	Secretary	Harvey McMillan	McDonald Farm
		Miss Frances Steele	Field Worker

Matrons

Mrs. J. H. Hill	Lottie Walker	Miss Maggie Adams	Head Matron
Mrs. Harriet Herman	Baby Cottage	Mrs. Mamie Purdy	Infirmary
Mrs. B. M. Spratt	Supply	Miss Mary M. Turner	Synods
Miss Verna Woods	Howard	Miss Jennie G. Buck	Rumple Hall
Mrs. Juliette Ghigo	Annie Louise	Miss Kate Taylor	Assist. Matron
Miss Una Moore	Infirmary	Mrs. Mary T. Moore	Matron

HIGH SCHOOL—T. L. O'KELLEY, Superintendent

MR. RALPH McMILLAN	MISS E. PATTERSON, D. Science
MR. R. G. CALHOUN	MISS MYRTLE BALDWIN
MR. R. L. JOHNSON	MISS REBA THOMPSON

GRADES—MRS. JOHN Q. HOLTON, Principal

Mrs. Lila S. Pennell	Sixth	Mrs. Minnie Massey	Spec. Primary
Miss Irene McDade	Fifth	Mrs. Emma Hostetler	Spe. Intermed.
Miss Fannie Foust	Fourth	Miss Laura Gray Green	Music
Mrs. R. L. Johnson	Third	Miss Rachel Hanna	Kindergarten
Miss Kate McGoogan	Second		

Thornwell Orphanage

IT has recently been our privilege to visit Thornwell Orphanage. The most famous of all the Southern Presbyterian Orphanages. The place that Dr. W. P. Jacobs brought to the attention of the entire nation. The place that has a large part in the history of our church, and whose very name brings up hallowed memories. This Institution has, for a long time, been the leader of all the Southern Presbyterian Orphanages.

On our former visit there and on the visit of the President and his members of staff from Thornwell, we have always been content to take a second place and we did this without any feeling of inferiority but rather a pride that we stand second to this grand old institution. That we could stand next in line as regards size, with the hope that we could approach her in ideals and in achievements.

On this particular visit we were introduced on one occasion as being from Barium Springs, the place that now leads the Southern Presbyterian Orphanages in size, having taken that place in front of Thornwell Orphanage.

On first thought this introduction would seem to cause us to be filled with pride, but knowing as we do the reasons back of this it is more with a feeling of sadness than that of exultation that we heard this introduction.

Barium Springs has not outstripped Thornwell, even in numbers. Barium Springs, in fact, has slumped in this line during the last twelve months. In April, 1927, there was 377 children on the roll at Barium Springs. At the present writing there are 346. A few years ago, Thornwell had close to 390 children. She now has enrolled 317, and we stand as the largest orphanage, not because we have passed her, but because we have retrenched a little bit slower than she has.

When we study the reason back of this retrenchment, then we are saddened. Thornwell is still the delightful place that it has always been. It's buildings show a beauty and a sturdiness that stand for character and comfort, and gives one a feeling of confidence that here the Lord's work is not taken lightly.

The class of work being done in material things as well as spiritual things, that are given the students is on the same high level that has characterized this institution for years.

Applications for admissions, if anything, continue to flow in larger volume than ever before, but still we see a reduction of about eighty children in the number enrolled. Why? The answer is decreased revenue. The same thing that is making those who have the control of Barium Springs, face a situation not unlike that of Thornwell.

It makes them face the question whether they shall lower their standards and do a less worthy job, or whether they shall curtail and do a smaller job? This question must be answered one way or the other or disaster will be inevitable.

It isn't so much that people are giving less to the Orphanage cause, but it seems that they are giving less to their representative orphanages. Small enterprises, both denominational and non-denominational, seem to be springing up all over the country, and they seem to be pretty well financed until they commence to reach a stage where their work is recognized, and should be getting on a firm foundation, when they begin to be left high and dry and the contributions that should support it, swing over to some newer and possibly more primitive enterprise. Thornwell Orphanage is equipped to do a splendid work. It has behind it more than a half century of splendid achievement and experience, and yet, for lack of support that is adequate, it is having to curtail its usefulness; and what is said of Thornwell can be said of Barium Springs.

Barium Springs is a younger institution, having just passed its thirty-eighth birthday. Its buildings, while substantial, do not in every case have the beauty that graces those of her older sister's, Thornwell, and Barium has a long successful history of its own and the example of Thornwell, a most devoted and efficient staff and the most delightful collection of children to be found anywhere.

Is the fact that these two Institutions have to curtail and to close up part of their capacity due to lack of money being contributed for Orphanage work? Cast about in your own minds, and see if you can remember any occasion when you have contributed to a more or less sporadic attempt at Orphanage work that has since dwindled away or is now dwindling away when your own recognized institution is suffering for just that help. Think this over and then go into "Executive Session" with yourself.

Farm - Campus

This news seems to concern the farm more than it does the campus. It goes this way, that we are so busy with the farm work that we leave the campus to itself for awhile.

Well the hay is ready to cut and there's a little construction work here and there, but oh! that wheat! That's the big noise now. You can hear Mr. Cavin say, "There's about eighteen acres in those two fields, and about thirty two in this one, and about eight in that one. Ask anyone if that isn't a big batch of wheat. But look who is doing this, why it's the farmers with Toe Donaldson and Joe Potter chauffering the tractors and reapers. Bob Templeton over in one corner with the wheat cradle and everyone else shocking. Rabbits dart hither and thither but why run after them, we save our legs for a dash to meals. Well, don't forget that all this wheat has got to be given a proper thrashing.

The corn is in good condition now and it is looking pretty.

Mr. Cavin, our farm boss, is back with us after an operation. He is now overseeing the wheat cutting.

We have a number of boys working their vacation with us. We hope they will enjoy the vacation part of it.

We don't want to leave out this: Ab White and Mr. Stinson are our educated reaper operators. They handle this job fine, although they are on the tail end of it.

Mr. Lowrance came out in the field the other day and supplied us with straw hats. We appreciate this very much, especially Reid Brown, who wants to preserve his school boy complexion.

We did a little concrete work on our hog pen the other day and know that it will help in cleaning it out.

The farmers took a day off and went over to the school building and tore down all the old cracked up walls. It is now being plastered by Mr. Brown and his assistants.

At commencement we lost some of our farmers including Robert Pittman, William Hudson and Clarence Clark. We wish them the best of luck.

Well it's about time to close.
Yours till we thresh wheat.
—"Ab Agricolis".

———P. O. H. ———

An American, an Irishman and a Scotchman dined together at a fashionable hotel. Upon finishing the dinner the American displayed a $5 bill, which he leisurely rolled up and used to light his cigarette. Not to be outdone the Irishman took out a $10 bill, which he rolled up and used for lighting his pipe. And the Scotchman, nothing daunted, drew a check book from his pocket, wrote a check for $10,000 and used it for lighting his cigar.

HERE is an outline of some spiritual calisthenics, written by Victor Hugo: "Share your bread with little children, see that no one goes about you with naked feet, look kindly upon mothers nursing their children on the doorsteps of humble cottages, walk through the world with out malevolence, do not knowingly crush the humblest flower, respect the nests of birds, bow to the purple from afar and to the poor at close range. Rise to labor, go to rest with prayer, go to sleep in the unknown, having for your pillow the infinite; love, believe, hope, live, be like him who has a watering pot in his hand, only let your watering pot be filled with good deeds and good words; never be discouraged, be magi and be father, and if you have lands cultivate them, if you have sons rear them, and if you have enemies bless them—all with that sweet and unobstrusive authority that comes to the soul in expectation of the eternal dawn."

Synod

Whoopee! School's out. Just about all the teachers are gone and we have nothing to do but play and swim. Boy, won't we have a good time—and how!

Vacation time—lots of our boys will soon be leaving on their vacations but the rest of us who stay here this summer don't feel left out one bit, 'cause we get to go camping one whole week. Hot dogs and watermelons all the time!

We certainly will miss our matrons when they go on their vacations, and hope they don't stay long.

We were sorry to lose "Jiggs," one of our house girls, but Fannie, a flapperish blonde, is working in her place.

At Commencement our boys were in a bubble song, the bubble pipes being given by Mrs. J. R. Page of Aberdeen, and they have been blowing bubbles ever since. We certainly thank Mrs. Page for the pipes.

The flower seeds that we planted this spring have come up and we've got lots of pretty flowers now.

The dinner bell is ringing and that means food, so 'bye.

—The Noise Makers.

———P. O. H. ———

Sewing Room

Commencement is over and four of our regular girls are left in the Sewing Room. We are sorry to have our Senior Girls to leave but we are glad to have two Junior Girls to take their places, Elizabeth Savage and Lorena Clark. We hope that they will be capable of filling their places. Among our new members we have also a family of wrens. We hope to make seamstresses out of them in a few days.

Elizabeth Savage and Lorena Clark are going to the Davidson Conference tomorrow.

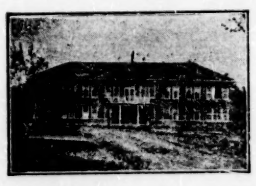
Hurrah! Everyone is loooking forward for vacation and we have only sixty-six more clothing boxes to make.

The Barium Children enjoyed going to the Chautauqua in Statesville last week. We want to thank the Chautauqua and the Statesville people for letting us go.

We wonder why Mary Mark runs to the window every time the truck passes the laundry, but we found out just recently, "Little Boy Blue is Chief Chauffeur."

———[]———

Infirmary



Well, here we are again, but we don't have much to say. School is out, and we know everyone is happy.

Everybody has enjoyed going to the Chatauqua we guess.

Miss Moore went to Kannapolis and spent two nights with Mrs. A L Karriker. Do you recognize that name? She took Dick and Sally with her and all reported a fine time.

The swimming pool surely does feel good these hot days.

Mary Latham West, one of our girls is leaving us today (June 14) to take her vacation. We hope she has a good time, although we will miss her while she's gone.

We have not had many patients these past two weeks, in fact, we haven't had any at all for about a week.

We are very glad to have Mr. Brown back with us again. We hope he will stay well from now on.

Well as news is scarce, and we are busy I will sign off until next time.

One dark and stormy night Uncle Eli Podgers baby was taken sick with the colic and his wife, Jerusha, hustled him off to town in his old Ford to get 15 cents worth of ipecac.

Twenty eventful years passed. The baby got over the colic and at the age of 19 had married a traveling man from Pittsburgh. Aunt Jerusha in all those 20 years had never lost faith in her husband. He would return some day and be able to explain it all, she told everyone.

Finally the day came. Eli breezed in in the same old Ford, got out and handed the bottle of Ipecac to his wife.

"What kept you so long?" she asked in her usual calm manner.

Eli replied: "I was looking for parking space."—Pathfinder.

HONOR ROLL FOR SECOND TERM 1929

First Grade
Walter Motte
John Cole McCrimmon
Helen Thomas
Roy Townsend

Second Grade
Fred Boyd
Hugh McCrimmon
Charles O'Kelley
Phillippina Salvaggio

Third Grade
Claiborne Jesup
Lelia Johnston
Effie Lee Marlowe
Edmonia Steele

Fourth Grade
Clara Wadsworth
Alberta Wadsworth
Rhoda Jones

Fifth Grade
T. L. O'Kelley, Jr.
Miriam Saunders

Seventh Grade
Marion McCall
Mildred Thomas

Eighth Grade
Louise Cavin

Ninth Grade
Alice Craig

MERIT ROLL FOR SECOND TERM 1929

First Grade—Marguerite Wicker, John Ellis, Richard Moore.

Second Grade—Miller Blue, Margaret Cook, Nelson Farmer, Alice Jones, Freida McIntosh, Alice Pittman.

Third Grade—John Donaldson, Wilma Dry, Sarah Forte, Clarence Link, Frances Lowrance, Jane Lyons, Ray Norman, Eugene Shannon, David Spencer, Hattie Townsend, Lugene White.

Fourth Grade—Fred Elliott, Irene Forte, Billie Martin, Edna Marlowe, George Spencer, Ralph Spencer, Carmet Sigmon.

Fifth Grade—Mary Belle Lee, Edward McCall, Hattie Morris, A. D. Potter, Iris Spencer.

Sixth Grade—Herbert Blue, Margaret Brooks, Morris Freeman, Myrtle Johnson, Phyllis Morgan, Dorothy Thomas, Bruce Parcell, Harry East, Graham Long.

Seventh Grade—Lucile Beck, Boyce Morgan, Jeannette Steele, Mary Latham West.

Eighth Grade—Lucile Long, Eula Lee Walton.

Ninth Grade—Lorena Clark, Louise Wilson.

Tenth Grade—Rachel Dowless, Katherine Kerley, Mary Mark.

Special Elementary Grade—Gladys Duke.

———P. O. H.———

EXCHANGES *and* Wheezes

FAIR AND WARMER

When he first came to see her,
He showed a timid heart.
And when the lights were low,
They sat this far apart,
But when this love grew warmer,
And learned the joy of a kiss,
They knocked out all the spaces
Andsatupcloselikethis.

"Deacon White," asked Parson Jackson softly, "will you lead us in prayer?" There was no answer.

"Deacon White," this time a little louder, "will you lead?"

Still no response. Evidently the deacon was slumbering. Parson Jackson made a third appeal and raised his voice to a high pitch that succeeded in arousing the drowsy man. "Deacon White, will you lead?"

The deacon in bewilderment rubbed his heavy eyes and announced: "Lead yourself—Ijust dealt."

The wife was going through her husband's pockets.

"Hey, there!" he cried, "that money belongs to me!"

"It won't belong now!" she answered.

Police Chief: "What did he say when you gave him the third degree?"

Officer: "He merely dozed off and said: 'Yes, my dear, you are quite right.'"

Certain Young Lady: "Don't you love driving on a night like this?"

Office Shiek: "Yes, but I thought I would wait until we got farther out in the country."

The girl friend collects antiques and recently she acquired a horse-hair chair, whereupon she discovered immediately why her grandmother always wore six petticoats.

Harold, much in love with his girl friend, entered a crowded street car one night.

"Do you think we can squeeze in here?" he asked, looking at her blushing face.

"Don't you think, dear, we had better wait until we get home?" was her embarrassed reply.

"What time do we get to New York, George?"

Porter: "We is due there at 1:15, unless you has set your watch by Eastern Time, which would make it 2:15, then, of co'se, if you is goin' by daylight savings time, it would be 3:15, unless we is an hour an' fifty minutes late—which we is."

Read The Second Installment of This Gripping Story, "Bloody Moon," A Gruesome Climax of "Speakeasies" Around Birmingham, Alabama

SECOND INSTALLMENT OF THE MESSENGER'S SERIAL

"BLOODY MOON"

Who KNOWS JERRY SIMPSON'S FINISH
WILL "PAN" THIS OUT
IS TO BE JERRY'S FRIEND

What ABOUT THE "MOON SIGNS"
MAKES A "BLOODY" MOON
DOES THIS STORY VISUALIZE

How WILL THE PLANETS TELL
TO "CLEAN-OUT" BUCK GRAY

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEEDING CHAPTER

Jerry Simpson, proprietor of a Sporting Goods Store in Birmingham and a crusader against the bootleg traffic, had so seriously offended a bootlegger, Buck Gray, that some thugs supposedly hired by Gray, set upon Simpson in his store and so seriously beat him up that he is all but killed. He is rescued by a girl clerk, Julia Jimmison, who surprises the three ruffians with a heavy tennis raquet and manages to scare them off just in time. She calls a doctor and they prepare to send Jerry to the hospital.. About the time the ambulance arrives Julia receives a note, supposedly from one of the three men, who attacked Simpson, warning her not to ride in the ambulance.Simpson and Gray both belong to the Calabash Club and it was at this Club that Simpson offended Gray by demanding his expulsion for his illegal operations. Julia and the doctor are trying to decide whether to send Jerry to a local hospital, or to a specialist in Atlanta when the note of warning is received.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY!

CHAPTER II

While they worked with the wounded man Julia wondered, "Could this be a ruse to keep them in the store, or was it a real warning?" She had intended to go in the ambulance with Jerry and if necessary go to Atlanta. The thugs could not possibly know of their intention of going elsewhere than the city Hospital. Did they plan further harm to Jerry? If so, how to save him?"

In the meantime Jerry slowly came back to consciousness and a realization of his desperate plight. Suddenly an idea came to Julia and she ran to the rear of the store and began to hurriedly roll up a small gymnasium mat into a bundle not far from the size of Jerry. Calling the Doctor to her she hurriedly stated her plan. "Lets put this into the ambulance in place of Jerry, then I will help him out of the side door into your buggy and drive to the Terminal station." Anyone looking on will think that you and I are driving away in the buggy and Jerry going alone in the ambulance to the hospital. But lets hurry. Dr. Davidson quickly fell in with the suggestion and carefully carried the bundle and placed it on the ambulance cot then calling the driver they slid the cot to its place in the ambulance. Then in a rather loud voice and in apparent anxiety he instructed the driver to go as fast as possible to the city hospital, and that he would be there in his buggy later.

In the dim light the deception was without doubt successful as far as the driver was concerned and at that stage of the service, there was no other attendant with the vehicle. Just as soon as this was out of the way Julia hurried back into the store and turned out all the lights, then she and the doctor helped Jerry to his feet and half carried him to the side door opening to the alley where Dr Davidson had left his buggy. Now came the difficult part, for she did not dare let both men be seen if her ruse was to be successful.

Fortunately the buggy was within one step of the little platform outside the door and Jerry was able to manage his way into the seat without too much assistance, and once in he sank back against the top so that he could not be seen.Julia then locked the door and sprang lightly into the buggy also and they started out and turned to the right in the direction of the Doctors home but also in the direction of the terminal station.

An hour later the doctor carefully let himself out of the same side door and took a street car for the Terminal station where he recovered his horse and buggy.

As for Julia and her charge, good fortune seemed to follow them and on arriving at the station she found the car with Jerry's reservation at the end of the station where it was possible to drive within a few feet of the car. With in a very short time the almost helpless man was safely in the car and in the seclusion of the stateroom. Except for the depot and train porters no one had seen her or her charge. During the few minutes left before leaving time she sent messages to her boarding house, and one to Pittsburg for Jerry.

Then the train pulled out and this closed the rfist phase of the adventure.

CHAPTER III.

Generally a reader is interested enough in the characters in a story to stand about one paragraph of description, and since we have had to introdace a young lady possibly we had better insert that one paragraph belonging to her right here. Julia Jimmison was above the average height and just missed being beautiful in having a little more chin than just beauty might call for. Her movements were graceful, athletic, without the swagger, of the too-athletic. All in all, she was just one of those clean looking, healthy minded young women that would make you want to talk to, if for nothing else than to see if the upward curve of her lips would hold while talking to you.

One other character we must introduce, and possibly describe piecemeal, for Jim Sassafras couldn't be altogether described in a chapter much less in a paragraph. Jim was a small farmer who lived around Birmingham and a devoted friend of Jerry's. He lived not from what he raised by farming but by usually guessing just what direction the magic city of Birmingham would grow out to next. Just at this time, his crop of cotton was being trampled by the builders of a new addition near Ensley and the increased value of his farm for building a young city on gave him more time to go hunting in than a crop of cotton would. This of course didn't cause Jim to worry.

Jim was a tall, gangling, but by no means taciturn, product of the moonshine mountains of Georgia. He was the champion tobacco chewer of the state, and to listen to him carefully the champion everything else. No matter who related an experience, Jim could spit one time, clear his throat and proceed to beat it, and yet do it in such a deprecating manner, that you couldn't help but believe him the soul of modesty. Jim apparently had been everywhere, knew everybody by their first names, and considering the short time he spent listening did acquire an amazing amount of knowledge of current events. He was considered harmless, and yet no one ever picked a quarrel with him, for his strenth was prodigeous, and no one knew just how many of his mighty tales were based on facts. He was welcome in Jerry's store and among his circle of friends, and Jerry's one dissipation was an occasional hunting or fishing spree with Jim. He was equally as welcome in the drinking places of the city, although an occasional glass of beer seemed his only indulgence.

Naturally Jim learned a good deal more about the occurrence in Simpsons store and the cause leading up to it that the general run of people, and upon finding the store closed he set out to find out more. Failure to locate either Jerry or Julia made him all the more uneasy. By a lucky chance he met Dr Davidson and learned from him the very serious nature of Jerry's condition and fact that he had left town, but as to the destination nothing could be learned from the doctor.

At Buck Grey's place he noted nothing unusual with the possible exception of a more surly greeting from Dick on the occasion of their meeting there one time. Jim asked Buck did he know what Jerry's store was closed for, and Buck said he thought he had gone north to a beauty doctor. Jim thought Jerry plenty good looking and said so, and then Buck asked him if he had seen him lately. This remark brought a laugh from a big man sprawled across a table a few feet from Jim, who in addition to his rather hard looking countenance had several strips of plaster across his face, with an extra long one holding his nose in place. "Did you get your face fixed up at this beauty doctor's, little dear?" asked Jim, "Or what are you laughing about?" Jim's usual good nature was rather on edge from his anxiety over Jerry and his strong suspicion that this man here had something to do with it. Contrary to his usual custom he set out to deliberately make the man mad to get something out of him.

"Didn't your beauty doctor give you any instructions about using that face? He ought to have told you to sleep with your face in a pillow to keep from warping the furniture for a while. OOOOweee, boy somebody has certainly been rough with you, has somebody been spanking you in the face with a gold club, or did some Jane kiss you with the flat side of a meat axe?"

This last question instead of enraging the man, caused him to glance furtively at Gray and in reply received from him scarcely a perceptible nod. Without a word more the man got up and went into the back room. Buck then straightened up and coming up close to Jim asked in a threatening tone. "Now what do you know about it?" "Oh then," said Jim, "some Jane did decorate his map in that style did she But why are you looking lake a wart at me for? Don't bite me because your little playmate got slapped! To look at you I might think you had both been caught stealing jam."

"Aw dry up," growled Buck, "get tired playing the fool sometime, long enough to get this thought in your coco. Anytime it might occur to you to mix in any affairs of mine, just remember it is generally bad luck. You might be due a trip to a beauty doctor or worse."

Jim burst out laughing, "Buck, you are the funniest man, you act just like you were trying to scare me. Honest you ought to go on the stage, that face you are making now is good." "Well, so long, I'll come back again some time and let you tell something else funny." and Jim still laughing, pushed Gray aside and strolled out of the door. He left a puzzled man behind. Buck Gray would have given a great deal to know whether Jim did think that he was trying to be funny. One thing did carry reality with it and that was the ease with which Jim had pushed him aside when he started to the door.

As for Jim, as soon as he had turned the corner and was out of sight of Buck's place, the laugh left his face to be followed by the same look of anxiety that it had worn since Jerry Simpson"s disappearance. Still trying to strike a clue as to his present whereabouts, he caught a car to the terminal station in hopes that he might get some information as to his destination when he left Birmingham.

He arrived at the station just as the train from the East, was pulling in and he waited near the waiting room until the stream of travellers were past. Imagine his surprise when he saw alight from the train the two people he was most interested in, Julia Jimerson and Jerry Simpson. He watched them walk from the train to the underpass to be sure he was not mistaken and then hastened to the exit where he would be sure to meet them. He arrived some time before they did and had a chance to observe Simpson closely for signs of his recent misfortune. There seemed to be a difference in his walk and a slight difference in the expression of his face but for scars there were no trace.

The girl saw Jim first and hastened to come to him and both she and Simpson grasped his hand and spoke as if they had been away six months instead of a bare three days.

To say that Jim was amazed is putting it mildly. Dr. Davidson had told him positively that Simpson had a broken nose, a cruched cheek bone, his front teeth knocked out, a severe cut on his scalp and probably a concussion, easily a thirty day hospital job, and then have marks for many a day still. And here was Simpson talking and laughing with no sign of a scratch. Simpson hailed a taxi and asked Jim to ride with them down town, which he, still in a daze, did.

About the only conversation during the ride was Jerry asking Jim to come up to the store on the morrow and talk a few things over with him.

In the pool room back of Buck Gray's shop a man was reading the morning paper, there was no one in the room but himself and the article he was reading was a long description of the modern practices of surgery and the use of radium as a curative agent. The man's interest in the article might be explained by the fact when he stood up one shoulder was so much higher than the other that he appeared actually deformed. He was small of stature but had such an air of self confidence that one looking at him lost sight of his smallness.

Into this quiet room presently from the street door came Buck Gray, fairly radiating anger. "What kind of a game do you think you can put over on me anyway?" he burst out. "You claim to do a job up in style and come in with a song and dance about a woman making a ten strike with a tennis bat, and when the ambulance gets side-swiped with a truck on the bridge, we find nothing in it but an old matress," and now to cap it do you know what I just saw not two minutes ago?" During all this tirade the man with the paper had not stirred looking at Buck with a kind of interest one might expect a grown person to show a child having a fit or something. He said nothing but waited for Buck to go on. "You count yourself a wise bird and up to now I have always depended on you for the truth, but now, did you know that Jerry Simpson is back in his store and when I stopped and looked in to see if he was there he came out to the front and laughed at me, he says, 'Bring your friends over again Gray, if they get tired of tennis we have some fine bats.'"

For a few minutes the little man lost his air of composure and looked at Gray in a bewildered manner, "Did you see any signs of bruises or cuts on him?" he asked.

"No and what's more I don't believe he ever had any from you pikers."

"Oh can the chatter," said the little man, "and read that till your blood pressure goes down, and by the way there might be something in that too, it says here that with radium it is hoped to so stimulate the chemical and physical functions of the body that a cut may be cured in a fraction of the time formerly needed, and that even it may be found possible to knit broken bones artificially."

"Well if there's anything in that," said Gray, "they must have tried it out on that lucky stiff Simpson for he looks in better shape than when you chaps are supposed to have given him a boot massage. By the way, Slope, tell me again just how bad he was hurt. Did you really do anything except just bloody up his floor with your own noses or did you just have a dream?"

"As to that," rejoined the one called Slope, "Take it from me if a six inch cut in the scalp, a smash full in the face with a set of brasses on Pug Mullins fist, and a kick in the mouth from Puddler Bill's hobnails is your idea of a dream, it wasn't me having the dream. That big cake eating Simpson was down for the count, and if I am any judge he is lucky if he has come too by now. If anybody is seeing things, maybe you are the one, maybe it is the gout gone to your head. You know a little real exercise might cure you of that, something light and pleasant, like doing your next little job of bruising yourself."

"What are you hinting at, you crooked little snake? Don't you know if I had appeared in that business it would have been in all the papers. Any time you get the idea that I am afraid to mix it up with any Bimbo in this man's town, don't believe it strong enough to bet on it, see?"

"All right, Big Boy, let's all believe that right now but about the pet name you called me, let's get two things right. The next clem we have with friend Jerry you are going to be there to wake us up if we go to sleep, and another thing while it is on my mind, my name is Slope Ellison and any time in the heat of the day that you may forget it or have any desire to refer to my shape, hunt a cool place to change your mind in, or you might—"

"Might what?" growled Gray.

"Well you might get suddenly overheated," and Slope favored Gray with a look that caused that formidable individual to let the matter drop there.

In the meantime Simpson's store was open for business with no change whatever from the day before the fight; customers came and went, and except for the few words with Gray there was nothing said or done duringing the entire day to recall that bloody event.

Several days after, during the slack time in the afternoon, as if by chance a large police man sauntered in front of the door and began eating peanuts; at the same time a large man came in and began idly looking over the knives in a show case. However the policeman didn't seem to be enjoying his peanuts he kept slapping at his ear as if a bee were getting too close finally grabbing the back of his neck so quick that he knocked his helmet off. He started to pick it up which of course exposed a large expanse of tight blue uniform to the people in the store. There was a slight spat and if one had looked quickly enough he woud have seen dust fly from several spots on this blue expanse.The policeman didn't get the helmet but let out a yell and jumped so far into the street that he almost collided with a street car.

As it happened there was no customer in the store but the one man at the show case, he seemed to be oddly disturbed at the policeman's antics but before he could make a move Simpson was at his side politely asking about his wants. "Oh, this is Mr. Mullins is it not? And what can we show you today, we have just gotten in some new tennis goods, or are you more interested in golf? My, My you know you have just the right build for a golf player, let me show you our stock. Oh that's all right we don't mind about the time, it is a delight. Sometimes when business is dull we get back here and practice driving. You see we hung that burlap back there to stop the ball."

We get so interested sometimes we are almost sorry when a customer comes in." Come right back I would like to show you some fancy shots." Simpson rattles right on while the bewildered man hung back and muttered something about being in a hurry. Simpson had him by the arm and apparently misunderstood him.

"Oh thats alright", he said, "your friends will be along in a minute and then you can join them. Did you ever hear about the golf expert driving a ball off his watch. Thats pretty good but I saw a man drive a ball off his friends nose and hit it hard too. I did it once on a bet but wouldn't try that on you because your nose looks kinder sore, did you hurt it or something?" "Now let me show you my new clubs, isn't that a dandy and watch me drive off this pill box without knocking the box over." "Now watch this drive off your foot, you see I can't miss. I've tried it hundreds of times and its just as easy." All this time Simpson was pushing the man in place in spite of his demurers and getting his foot in position.

Finally the ball was in place but before Simpson could hit it the ball rolled off. "Oh pshaw, you musn't do that, why you might make me hit you on the shin or something like that. Just stand still a minute." This time a little chewing gum helped out and finally although looking rather unhappy, the man stood very still with the ball resting on his toe. Then Whiz! Punk! With a good heavy swing the club descended but instead of the spank of a cleanly hit ball there was the dull plunk of the club on leather, closely followed by the howl of man.

"Oh my bunion, you awkward fool, I've a mind to break your blooming head," yelled Mullins dancing around on one foot and holding the other in his hands. Simpson was still swinging the heavy club however and apparently unconcerned about the other's hurt. "Don't cry old timer", he said, "that didn't hurt near as bad as a kick in the face, it might cripple you up for a few days but it will be all right before long except for kicking."

"If you get restless come around again and I will give you another treatment. Here's your hat, wat"s your hurry?"

Cursing under his breath and almost sobbing from the pain Mullins stumbled out of the store.

Scarcely had he gotten clear of the door when a trap door back of the rear counter opened and the grinning face of Jim Sassafrass and the reddest headed boy possible were disclosed. They were seated in such position that they could see the front of the store through two slots cut in the counter, and beside them were two high-powered noiseless air rifles.

The two seemed to enjoy themselves immensely and possibly this may explain the policeman's strange antics a few minutes before.

"Say, this is the most fun I've had since the closed season began; this boy Peckerwood Bones is sure some shot. Hurry up and press the button for another unless you want to shoot some more golf." And Jim slapped his thigh and slipped the trap shut again as several customers came into the store.

Several weeks went by and the affair of Buck Gray seemed to be forgotten. A desperate eleventh hour attempt to prevent his expulsion from the Calabash club came up in the directors meeting, and the results for a while seemed in doubt. There were ix of the ten directors that seemed willing to turn down the recommendation of the club, but just before the matter was put to vote Simpson walked in and the vote stood nine to two for expulsion, four of the weaker voters flopping over to him.

Contrary to his usual talkative manner Jerry had very little to say on this occasion but made up for in the article he handed to the morning papers which was published over his own signature. Even Jerry's closest friends thought this an unwise step for every one who knew Buck Gray at all knew how much he prized his membership in this club and his murderous temper when taunted by his enemy. Every one expected something to happen and Jerry's unconcern seemed foolhardy to those who knew something of the attack made on him.

To add to the tenseness of the situation the term of court drew near when Jerry had sworn he would have Gray tried and run out of town, if not to the penitentiary. Birmingham at this time was growing so rapidly that it was hard to police, the organization that might be effective one month would prove inadequate the next. In one decade it expanded from a small city of thirty thousand to a roaring lawless young giant of a hundred and thirty thousand. Killings happened in the most open manner and the killer as often as not went free. It was a place where anything might happen, and many a prediction of a sudden violent end for Simpson was made.

The condition was made more tense just a few days before court opened by the capture of a box car of liquor and beer by the sheriff, the consignee could not be found, but knowing ones freely said it belonged to Gray's shops and the fact that Simpson tipped the sheriff off to the shipmen made them feel that something would break soon.

At last the day arrived when Grays case was brought before the grand jury and the array of evidence against him was enough to send him into the court with a dozen indictments against him it seemed. Jerry was very much in eveidence not only giving his own testimony but in bringing for-

(Continued to Page Four)

Bloody Moon

(Continueed From Page 3)

ward other witnesses and evidence, this was so much the case that the solicitor and foreman seemed at times embarrassed by the wealth of evidence of Grays guilt.

The grand jury commenced on this case about noon Tuesday and were still on it just before noon Wednesday. Simpson just stopped in his store for a few moments on this Wednesday and called in to Julia that he would be in right after lunch, and hurried to a nearby restaurant to eat.

About twenty minutes later a young man from the court came into the store inquiring for Simpson, stating that the Grand Jury wanted him at once for additional questioning. Julia directed him to the Empire Cafe where Simpson was and thought no more a bout it.

There was an unusual run of customers and it was some time later when she had leisure to glance at the noon edition of the Evening paper. An exclamation of surprised disgust broke from her as she noted the headlines. "What is the matter now," asked Jim Sassafras, who was for the time being a regular worker in the store. Without a word she pointed to the paper. There in bold type was this. "Grand Jury fails to find true bill against Gray, Alleged whiskey dealer released and Grand Jury adjourns for the day to inspect county institutions."

"Well, that's that" said Jim, "That is one awful getaway. That jury is certainly hard to convince. I'll bet if they had been with Noah on the ark you couldn"t have convinced them that that had been a wet spell of weather. Don't you know Mr. Simpson is cut up about—say now that is funny, what time did that jury adjourn?"

"The paper says 11:45," replied Julia, "what has that to do with it? What time did that deputy call for Mr. Simpson? Didn't you say about 12:20? Why don't you see the Grand Jury didn't send for him at all."

Julia turned pale as she realized what this must mean. Jerry all unsuspecting had been summoned into a trap and was even now no doubt in dire peril.

Usually the coolest of the cool in an emergency this last developement unnerved her. Before she could make up her mind what to do Jim Sassafras and the boy Bones were out of the store making a short cut through the alley to the railroad. It had occured to Jim that over a block could be saved in taking to the railroad to get to the building used by the grand jury.

At this time the county offices had outgrown the facilities of the court house and the temporary room used by the grand jury was part of the third floor of a warehouse building two blocks from the court house. In addition to the large rear room used by the jury there were several offices now vacant, fronting on the street. As he raced along Jim thought how helpless a person would be if trapped by a gang of cutthroats in this isolated room. An empty warehouse underneath empty rooms in front and in the rear part of a junk yard. The thought of what might already be happening to Jerry, lent added speed to his long limbs and even Peckerwood was put to it to keep up. In a few minutes they turned into the street that led to the front of the warehouse and they slowed down to a walk to catch their breath and also to avoid attracting attention.

Just as they turned the corner and came in sight of the door leading to the upper floors a familiar figure could be seen standing with his back to the door and eating peanuts, the big policeman. Our two friends slowed down. While the policeman appeared to be loafing they knew his purpose there, and they also knew that he would have to be gotten away before they could get by. Fortunately the man had never seen either Jim or Peckerwood so they had a slight advantage. In his desperate hurry Jim hit upon a plan for getting the policeman away, whispering a few words of instruction to Bones he grabbed that devoted lad by the neck and hurried up to the policeman.

"Oficer," he said, "I demand this young thug's arrest. He tried to pick my pocket and I caught him with my watch in his hand." Looking meaningly at the call box on the corner he continued, "Send him to the station and I will appear with enough witnesses to get that red hair of his out of the sun."

The officer made no move to take the boy, but stolidly reached in his pocket for more peanuts, at this Peckerwood began to struggle violently with Jim and pushed against the officer so hard that he struck the door behind him with his arm to steady himself. Peckerwood gave him a violent kick on the shins and then tore loose from Jim. With a howl of pain the cop made a lunge for the boy and in that instant Jim darted through the open door and up the stairs.

Made frantic by this slight delay and imagining the worst for his friend Jim Sassafras as he raced up the stairs would hardly have been recognized as the easygoing mild tempered person of his everyday life. He had no plan but a supreme desire to get to Jerry, if in time to save him, if not to work such vengeance on his assailants as he could. Up the two flights of steps he went and then the short corridor to the door of the Grand Jury room. Like a cyclone he burst into the room slamming the door wide open and landing in the middle of the room before he ended his mad rush.

Turning like a wild animal he saw four men grouped around the door and wearing looks of amazement that might have been ludicrous under other circumstances. Two of the men are known to the readers, our much battered Mullins and Puddler Bill. The other two were of the same stripe, altogether a bad lot to fall foul of in the open, a desperate lot to encounter in this lonely room. "Who invited you to the party?' growled Mullins, "we gotta tie this cove up Boss. He's the guy that gave the works the blah blah about this business, he's in with the cake eater. Let's go get him."

With the last words the four advanced on Jim, the whole bunch taking their cue from Mullins. The few moments that it took for Mullins' orders gave Jim a chance to get the lay of the room. The only door to the room was the one he had entered and now barred by the four men, back further in the room were the chairs provided for the jury when in session. In the extreme rear was an elevator shaft now abandoned, but unprotected by any sort of railing or door.

Just as the men closed in on him he tried an old ruse, looking over their heads he yelled, "All right let them have it, Boys."

Every man turned his head to the door except the puddler who caught himself just in time but not quick enough to dodge an uppercut to his chin, given with all the strength of Jim's long right arm. He crashed to the floor and Jim apparently fell with him, but Jim's fall was premeditated. When two feet from the floor his arms encircled the knees of the man nearest him, he smashed against Mullins so hard that it brought that ugly citizen to his knees while the man Jim tackled went all the way to the floor, Jim at the same time jerking his legs up so the full force of the fall was caught by his head and shoulders. He was not knocked unconscious but was rendered rather thoughtful.

With an oath the fourth man sprang on Jim before he released his hold on the other, throwing his left arm about Jim's neck he aimed a murderous blow at Jim's face with his right, and Jim caught the yellow gleam of brass knucks on the man's hand. This blow if it had landed would have ended the fight, but Jim's long sinewey neck jerked his head out of the way of this blow and as the man's face swung into his a stream of brown liquid landed full in his eyes Jim had unloaded a mouthful of 90 proof tobacco juice full in the man's eyes at just the right moment. With a howl both the man's hands went to his face to drag from his eyes the liquid fire and Jim sent him to join the puddler, with one on the jaw.

But Mullins and the second man were at him from each side and each man would have been a match for Jim. Before Jim could spring away Mullins landed a blow against the side of Jims head that all but brought him down. he staggered back toward the rear of the room as if he were all in till he brought up against the chairs, here the two again rushed him but Jim met them with an upraised chair, as they sprung back he plowed into them with his weapon and then the real scrapping began. Back and forth the unequal struggle went on stumbling over the two prostrate men, at times pushing Jim back to the row of chairs but never able to put him down. His extra six inches of height was often just the margin that kept him from getting a knock out. He felt that if he ever went down he would never wake up for murder was in his assailents eyes.

Once they pressed him past the line of chairs and as he neared the gaping elevator shaft he thought he saw a gloating look come into his opponents eyes, back, back nearer they forced him until he felt that one more step would be on the empty space of the shaft. Making his last desperate chance he dropped to his knees to make a charge through the two men but they were looking for this and Mullins started a vicious kick to his face. But the kick never landed, for over Jim's head there sailed a red object that caught full on Mullins' tender nose. The missile was just a commonplace building brick, and there followed it an even redder missile alive and shouting that brought down on the amazed bruiser's head a blow from a round piece of iron that our young friend Peckerwood had picked up at the rear window.

In no time at all the fight was over and the four bloody thugs propped up against the wall all in more or less sleepy state.

"Boy, how did you get here just exactly at the right time?" asked Jim, "Just one more second and the fire would have been out." Peckerwood grinned, "Oh I had been up here already a a couple of minutes getting my ammunition ready." "You see I ran around the block from Fatty and jumped in the first floor window of this building. Just as I got in I heard the fun start up here. I climbed the framing of the shaft and landed up here just when you were commencing on your third chair. I found a brick by the shaft and this iron is what they used to use for fastening this window; see there are two more of them, but listen who is that coming?" They could plainly hear someone coming up the steps, their steps resounding in the empty building like an army marching. At first it sounded like several people but as the sound neared the third floor they found that it was only one person.

Thinking it another of Gray's gunmen, they grabbed each a piece of the iron window fasteners and waited. And then who should walk in but Jerry Simpson. His look of amazement at the gory sight, four men groggy or unconscious, and Jim looking like a well chewed bit of steak, when he had expected to find the room full of jurors and court attendants.

"What in the name of heaven is the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing, except that you are mighty late for the party," and Jim proceeded to tell the circumstances leading up to the present situation. Jerry's concern for Jim's condition at first kept him from taking in just what the whole business meant, but when he finally realized that the jury had, without hesitation, turned Gray loose, and that this had been followed by this second murderous attempt on his life, an attempt frustrated by Jim's devotion and Peckerwood's zeal, his anger at Gray almost suffocated him. Turning into the room he examined the injured men and found of the four that Mullins was nearer in his right mind than any of the others. His face was horrible to look at. The boy's aim had been excellent and the force he had put behind that brick was enough to cave in Mullins nose and mouth; it would take quite a bit of beauty doctoring to make him look like a man again. Jerry addressed him, "Are you the boss of this bunch or who is?" Mullins mumbled an oath and wanted to know "Who in the South of Cuba wanted to know." Jerry turned to Peckerwood: "Son, bring me that chair leg over there, I want to practice a little golf; this big boy has a bunion just like a golf ball and I want to hit it."

With surprising alacricy Mullins scrambled to a chair. "No you don't either," he said. "What do you want, anyway?" "Just this," said Jerry. 'tell me what you were to do with me after you beat me up; tell me that truthfully and quick, or else I'll spend the rest of my time and money getting you in the mines for the balance of your life."

"And what if I do come clean?" asked Mullins. "Do I get the double-cross then?"

"No," said Jerry; "you get a ticket to Chattanooga, for a promise never to stick that ugly mug inside this State again. What do you say? Make it snappy, for I'm getting figgitty."

"Well, we were to drop you accilently through the shaft, then dump you in a furniture van that is backed up to the back door now I guess. Then we was to take you to the alley back of the shop for the 'Works' to see you with his own eyes, then tonight you would be dumped into a tank car of sulphuric acid that has been spotted near the ice dump in the railroad yards. After that we wouldn't worry much about you. Your toenails might stop up the outlet pipe, but I doubt it because that car is going to Pueblo, Colorado."

While Mullins had been telling this plan Jerry had thought out a scheme to test it and to bring to a head the whole Gray Matter. "Run down Peckerwood and see if that van is there, but don't let the driver see you." Now Jim, let's tie these birds up and we'll see how they like to ride in a van?"

Running to a rear window, Jerry cut out the sash cords and together with Jim they soon had the four groggy thugs securely tied up. Before tieing their feet, however, they managed to get them on their unsteady legs and marched down to the rear of the first floor. Peckerwood had reported the van in place and the driver sitting up on the seat enjoying a cigar. They found it backed up to the open door with the end gate down, evidently so the driver needn't see any more than necessary. Jim jumped up in the van first and stood by the front partition where he could see the driver, made no move and said nothing to him, while Jerry and Bones helped the four men in and tied their feet. Just before putting up the end gate a thought occurred to Jerry and he hurried to the front door. The door was slightly ajar and just outside was our old friend, the peanut eating big policeman. Waiting until the street was empty of pedestrians Jerry jerked the door open with one hand while he pressed his finger in the small of the officers back. "Not a sound from you," he growled in his ear, but come with me, or I will drill you so full of lead you won't even be good for peanut butter."

The policeman promptly backed in the door which Jerry kicked shut and steered his captive to the back of the room. "Now, get in there with your friends, you crooked scoundrel," said Jerry in a low tone, "and remember what can happen to an accessory in a murder, when the ghost shows up to testify at the trial. You are either going to take a trip out of town quietly with your buddies, or you are going on a little excursion with the angels."

(CONTINUED NEXT MONTH)

Clothing Boxes

Falkland, one box.
Davidson, Bethel Auxiliary, one box
Mount Olive, Miss Janie McPhail, one box.
Gulf, Auxiliary, one box.

Gifts

Clarkton, D. V. B. School, toys, dolls and scrapbooks.
Lake Waccamaw, Bible School, hand made toys and pictures.
Rowland, Midway Auxiliary Circle 2, two quilts.
Varina, Auxiliary, one quilt.
Winston-Salem, box of Clothing.
Charlotte, 412 N. Poplar St., four bathing suits.
Kenly, Mizpah Church, D. V. B. School, puzzles for Infifirmary.
St. Louis, Mo., donation summer ties, Mr. Simon M. Frank.
Jacksonville, Presbyterian Church, Daily Vacation Bible School, scrap books, puzzles, and candy .

—[]—

Miscel. Support

A Fayetteville Friend	6.00
Dr. Wilbert Jackson, Clinton	8.33
F. P. Tate, Morganton	6.00
A Friend, Barium	2.50
Lewis Collins, Henderson	5.00
A Friend	35.00
A Raleigh Friend	10.00
Mrs H B Ashley	1.00
Mrs C. M. Vanstory, Greensboro	5.00
W. Y. Preyer, Greensboro	100.00
F. L Fuller, New York	150.00
Martha A Bragaw, Lexington	5.00
Total	$333.83

—P. O. H.—

Clothing Money

Aux. Rockfish	20.00
W. J Moore, Falkland	5.00
Aux. Reidsville	22.50
Mrs. W. A. Sharpe, Greensboro	5.00
Aux. Bethel	2.50
Aux. Clinton	25.00
Aux. Jackson Springs	15.00
Aux. Howard Mem.	5.00
Beg. & Pri. Dept., Washington	3.80
Julia Stirewalt Circle, Mooresville 2nd. Aux.	5.50
Aux. Goldsboro	3.00
Aux. Yadkinville	20.00
Aux. Prospect	10.25
Aux. Greensboro 1st	125.00
Aux. N. Wilkesboro	18.75
Mrs. Pat Williams, North Wilkesboro	25.00
Aux. Faison	25.00
Aux. Lumber Bridge	18.56
Total	$354.96

—P. O. H.—

Support

A Lenoir Church Friend	$ 20.00
Alamance Church	21.83
Aux. Jonesboro	2.10
Little River Church	3.25
Mebane Church	6.00
Piedmont Church	.18
Pittsboro S S	3 50
Sanford Church	13.41
Westminster Church	28.95
White Hill Church	1.12
Yanceyville Church	.15
Westminster Church	1.94
McKinnon S. S.	20.00
Aux. West Ave.	12.00
Goldsboro S. S.	31.95
Pocket S. S.	2.50
Thyatira S. S.	7.55
Rocky Point S. S.	1.60
Vass S. S.	5.00
Rocky Mt. 1st Aux.	10.00
Jennie K. Hill's B. C. Rocky Mt. First	5.00
Bethel S. S.	3.00
Winston-Salem 1st Church	150.00
Buffalo (G) S. S.	25.53
Huntersville S. S.	16.12
Lexington S. S.	18.34
Cameron S. S.	17.98
Jonesboro S. S.	17.35
Calypso S. S.	4.70
Aux. Westminster	12.00
Montpelier S. S.	11.89
Church of Covenant, Wilmington	75.21
Aux. Pittsboro	1.00
Marion 1st S. S.	7.00
Aux. Westminster, Charlotte	25.00
Aux. Salisbury 2nd	10.00
West End S. S.	5.59
Aux. Thyatira	1.00
Aux. West Raleigh	4.90
2nd Church Charlotte (Reg)	200.00
2nd Church Charlotte (Special)	13.00
Lumber Bridge S. S.	3.75
St. Pauls S. S.	26.54
Bostic Church	1.70
Lowell Covenant Church	10.20
Dallas Church	2.97
Duncans Creek Church	2.00
Lincolnton 1st Church	25.00
McPelah Church	2.00
New Hope Church	4.00
Rutherfordton Church	16.62
Union Mills Church	1.00
Union Church	28.68
West Avenue Church	5.14
Spindale Church	3.00
Wm & Mary Hart Chapel	8.00
Waughtown S. S.	9.30
St. Andrews Church Wilmington	29.00
Sherwood S. S.	1.69
Aux. Caldwell Mem.	3.75
Shiloh S. S.	4.50
Lakeview S. S.	4.31
Cornelius S. S.	9.65
Southport Aux.	1.00

Laundry

Lots of the girls have gone on their vacation and the same girls work all day. We don't mind that though because we have some "hot times".

Gee, but we have lots o' fruit these days,

The mascot of the Laundry (Lucile's and Mildred's black cat) named Nicodemus now has a bay window, where it used to be bony. It follows us around like Mary's Lamb.

The ironing girls think they broke the record one day this week, by ironing 29 dresses and 15 shirts apiece in one hour and a half

Our Laundry matron, Miss Ford, had her tonsils removed last Friday, and was back working Monday. We cannot get along without her.

We are having some great pictures up here now-a-days.

News is scarce and will save up during vacation.

—"Us Girls."

—P. O. H.—

"LORD OF THE POTS AND PANS"

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., has gone to distributing a beautiful poem which he has printed on a card and gives to his friends. It is worth more than the new dimes that he flings out to the children wherever he meets them. The poem follows:

"Lord of all pots and pans and things
since I've no time to be
A saint by doing lovely things in
watching late with Thee,
Or dreaming in the twilight, or
storming heaven's gates,
Make me a saint by getting meals or
washing up the plates.

"Although I must have Martha's
hands, I have a Mary mind;
And when I black the boots and shoes,
thy sandals, Lord I find.
I think of how they trod the earth
each time I scrub the floor;
Accept this meditation, Lord, I have-
n't time for more.

"Warm all the kitchen with thy love
and warm it with thy peace,
Forgive me all my worrying and make
all grumbling cease.
Thou who didst love to give men food,
in room or by the sea,
Accept this service that I do—I do it
unto Thee."—Advocate.

Bethesda B. C.	10.00
Aux. Howard Mem.	16.50
Union Mills S. S.	3.05
Aux. Lenoir	10.00
Durham 1st S. S.	37.50
Sanford S. S.	14.00
Back Creek Church	7.49
Bayless Mem. Church	2.85
Bethpage Church	3.56
Davidson Church	22.56
Gilwood Church	3.35
Hickory Church	16.74
Kannapolis Church	12 13
Prospect Church	4.12
Salisbury 1st Church	81.92
Salisbury 2nd Church	5.43
Shearer Church	.30
Thyatira Church	16.36
Aux. Prospect	.25
Aux. West Ave	6.00
McPherson S. S.	10.59
1st Church Kings Mt.	50.61
Aux. Circles 13& 17 Greensboro	25.00
1st Church Salisbury by a Friend	60.00
Wilson S. S.	23.59
S. S. Rocky Mt. 2nd	5.00
Aux. Back Creek	2.00
Aux. Lowell Covenant	2.00
Henderson S. S.	10.49
Long Creek S. S.	2.61
Lonnie Stewart, Cameron Church	5.00
Aux. Mt. Pisgah	1.00
Aux. Washington 1st	10.00
S. S. Concord 1st	101.95
R. A. Dunn 1st Ch. Charlotte	100.00
Rockingham S. S.	13.23
Aux. Rocky Mt. 1st	15.00
W's B. C. Salisbury 1st	10.00
Belmont S. S.	25.00
Wm & Mary Hart Chapel	7.59
Fountain Church	4.46
Falkland Church	1.87
Parmele Church	.82
Hollywood Church	.35
Young Men's B. C. Statesville 1st	16.00
Front St. S. S.	9.56
Aux. Alamance	10.00
Buffalo (G) S. S.	13.50
Aux. Charlotte 1st Church	30.00
Montpelier S. S.	10.46
Trinity Avenue S. S.	22.85
Lumber Bridge Church	12.00
Cooks Mem. S. S.	8.36
New Hope S. S.	4.63
Mt. Pisgah Church	3.00
Calypso S. S.	8.00
Warrenton S. S.	2.20
Rocky Mt. 1st Aux.	20.00
Aux. Howard Mem.	6.00
Aux. New Bern	15.90
Aux. Washington	6.00
Vanguard Class Dunn 1st	41.49
Rock Branch S. S.	55.26
Aux. Lenoir	5.00
Thyatira S. S.	5.25
Sandy Grove Church	6.40
St. Pauls Church	15.90
Pocket S. S.	2.25
Pineville S. S.	11.39
Aux. West Raleigh	2.00
Little Willing Hearts Soc. Cameron	7.00
Circles 1, 2, 3, 4, Glenwood	4.00
Wilson 1st Church W. T. Clark	500.00
Raleigh 1st Church	44.35
Trinity Ave Church	1.41
Aux. Trinity Ave	3.75
Vanguard 1st Church	4.80
Varina Church	2.00
Total	$2,683.63